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## A Suburban Serengetti

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# A Suburban Serenghetti

*by Kelley Logan*

I had, had it. I was going to show her I was King of the Jungle. Grabbing for her, my nails parted through hair harmlessly as she burst from the house, a wild thing, her new patent leather Dexters clattering across the garage floor like tiny hooves, kicking up dust when she hit the side yard.

Black, shiny, the flashing shoes sent stars through the afternoon light and motes of earth flying as she feinted to the right, then cut back to the left, running to shelter in the green jungle gym, the black and white stripes of her sweatshirt crosshatching as she pumped her arms, a thin keening whinny escaping between her breaths.

I tried to grab her now and again, tried to break the rhythm of her zebra smooth legs. Finally she made the fatal mistake of abandoning her flight to the safety of the metal framework; whirling, she ran back to the house. I felt the quiet grace of a sure thing bloom in my heart—there were no bobbing bodies, no bar code others to hide her outline, to distract, confuse, only her pattern and I was on her. Swiping her legs out from under her, I wrapped my hands in her long hair and pulled her up to me as her frightened bleating became a wail, “I am sorrysorry” and lionsweet I answered, “No, baby, no. You aren’t sorry, not yet,” and dragged her toward the house.



Illustration by Jan Bradfield and Velvet Rogers